

Saturday Magazine.

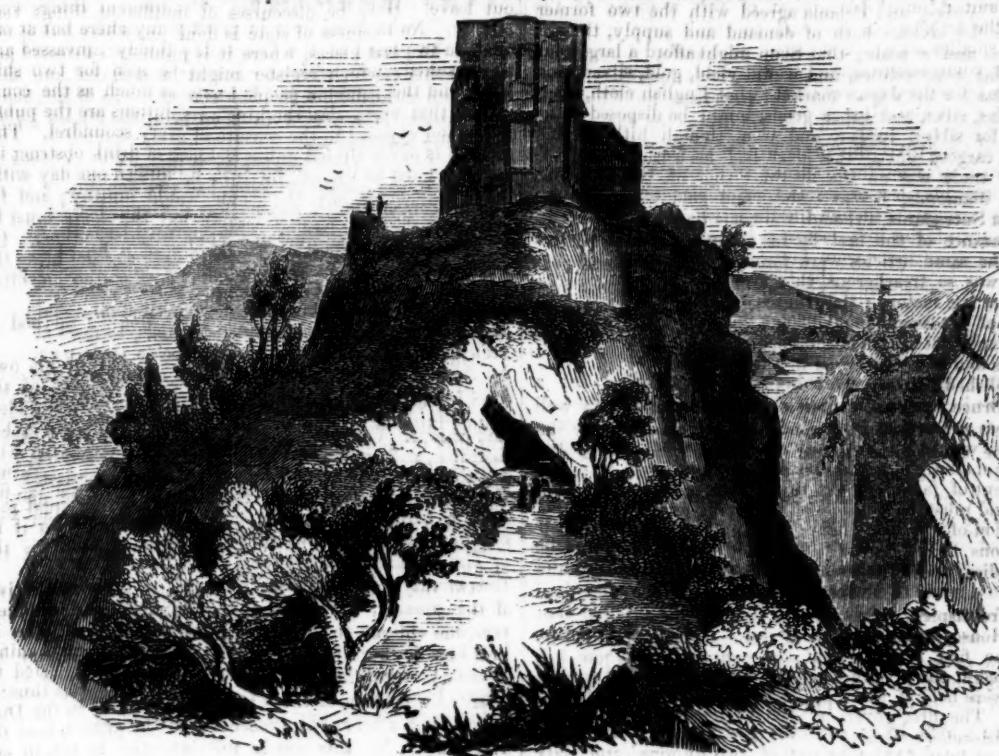
N^o. 776. AUGUST



3rd, 1844.

PRICE
ONE PENNY.

PEVEREL CASTLE, DERBYSHIRE.



A place of noted fame
Which from the castle there derives its name.
Enter the village, presently y're met
With a clear, swift, and murmuring rivulet,
Towards whose source, if up the stream you look,
Or on your right, close by, your eye is strook
With a stupendous rock, raising so high
His craggy temples towards the azure sky,
That if we this should with the rest compare,
They hillocks, mole-hills, warts, and pebbles are.
This, as if king of all the mountains round,
Is on the top with an old tower crowned,
An antick thing, fit to make people stare;
But of no use, either in peace or war.—COTTON.

SUCH is the old poet's description of Castleton, of which few villages in England can boast of greater attractions, whether as regards picturesque beauty, or historical interest. It is situated in one of the most beautiful valleys in the mountainous district of Derbyshire, and is chiefly celebrated for its extensive and wonderful cavern*, ancient and once valuable lead mines, and Peverel's Castle.

The approach to Castleton by the road across the mountains from Chapel-en-le-Frith is by a steep descent called the Winnats, or Wind-gates, in consequence of the gusts of wind which are always sweeping through the chasms. "Happy was the imagination that first suggested its name, *The gates or portals of the winds*; since, wild as these sons of the tempests are, the massive rocks which nature here presents, seem to promise a barrier suf-

ficiently strong to control their maddest fury. Precipices a thousand feet in height, dark, rugged, and perpendicular, heave their unwieldy forms on each side the road, which makes several inflexions in its descent, and frequently presenting themselves in front, threaten opposition to all further progress. At one of these sudden turns to the left, a most beautiful view of Castleton Vale is unexpectedly thrown upon the eye, refreshing it with a rich picture of beauty, fertility, and variety, after the tedious uniformity of rude and barren scenery to which it has so long been confined."

In the Domesday Survey the manor of Castleton is described as "Terra Castelli William Peverell, in Peche fers." Mr. Lysons thinks this expression implies that the castle which gives name to this parish was built by William Peverel, natural son of William the First, who had given him this manor amongst other estates after the Conquest. But Mr. King, in his *Observations on Ancient Castles*, is of a different opinion: he says, "There is not even any tradition preserved of the first building of Castleton; and some herring-bone work in the walls shows that it must have been of vast antiquity. Camden, speaking of the village of Burgh, in Derbyshire, says only, 'Near this burgh there stands an old castle, upon the top of a hill, formerly belonging to the Peverels, called *The Castle in the Peake*, and in Latin *De alto pecto*; which King Edward the Third gave with this manour and honour to John, duke of Lancaster, his son, after he had restored the earldom of Richmond to the king.' But he does by no means assert that it was built by the Peverels, or any Norman; and indeed all that appears from

* This cavern is noticed in *Saturday Magazine*, Vol. I., p. 153.

the best account that can be obtained amounts merely to this, that in this castle William de Peverel, natural son of William the Conqueror, had his residence, and kept his court; and that he had also another habitation connected with this at Brough, or Burgh, near Castleton, from whence was an ancient road to Buxton, called long before his time, *Batham Gate*, or the gate leading to the bath. All which plainly imports, that here was a very considerable fortress, the dwelling of some ancient chief, and his train, (for whose use such a road was made,) long before the conquest: and that even William de Peverel found the smallness of this tower inconvenient; so far was he from having built it."

After a minute description of the remains of the castle, Mr. King is inclined to think that it was a fortress and a place of royal residence, during the government of the Saxons. Other antiquarians, however, agree that it is a Norman structure, built by William Peverel; and indeed the traditions of the neighbourhood confirm this opinion. Sir Walter Scott, also, in *Peveril of the Peak*, speaks of "this feudal baron who chose his nest upon the principles on which an eagle selects her eyry, and built it in such a fashion as if he had intended it, as the Irishman said of the Martello towers, for the sole purpose of puzzling posterity."

The great elevation of the castle, and the almost perpendicular chasms that nearly isolate the eminence on which it stands, must have rendered it almost impregnable, prior to the invention of gunpowder.

It was, however, probably but ill adapted for a lengthened siege, on account of the absence of any well or reservoir within its walls, from which the garrison could be supplied with water. A well has been discovered on the summit of Long Cliffe Hill, between which and the castle there is a communication, though now a very dangerous one, across the narrow ridge of rock that overtops the entrance into Peak's Hole. This well is built of the same kind of stone as the castle, and is situated so as to be readily available for the abundant supply of water.

The east and south sides of the castle are bounded by a narrow ravine, called the cave, which ranges between two vast limestone rocks, and on the east is nearly two hundred feet in depth. On the west it is skirted by the precipice which lours over the great cavern, and rears its abrupt head to the height of two hundred and sixty feet. The north side is the most accessible, yet even here the path has been carried in a winding direction, to obviate the steepness of the ascent.

The castle-yard, an inclosed area, extended over nearly the whole summit of the eminence. The wall is nearly in ruins to the level of the area; though, in some few places on the outside, it measures twenty feet high. On the north side were two small towers, now destroyed. The entrance was at the north-east corner, as appears by part of the archway yet remaining. Near the north-west angle is the keep. On the south and west sides of this building the walls are in tolerable preservation; those at the north-west corner are fifty-five feet high; but the north and east sides are much shattered. On the outside it forms a square of thirty-eight feet two inches; but on the inside it is not equal, being, from north to south, twenty-one feet four inches; from east to west, nineteen feet three inches. This difference arises from the varying thickness of the walls, which are composed of broken masses of limestone, and mortar of such an excellent temper, that it binds the whole together like a rock: the facings, both inside and outside, are of hewn grit-stone. In the wall within is a small portion of herring-bone ornament.

The inside, now completely vacant, anciently consisted of two rooms, one on the ground floor and one above; over these the roof was raised with a gable end to the north and south, but not of equal height with the outer walls. The ground floor was about fourteen feet high, the upper room about sixteen. The entrance to the former appears to have been through a doorway on the

south side of the upper room, by a flight of steps now wholly destroyed, but said to have existed within memory; the present entrance is through an opening made in the wall. At the south-east corner is a narrow winding staircase communicating with the roof, but in a ruinous condition.

The top of the rock where the castle stands is but a narrow plot of ground; nor can it at any time have been sufficiently ample to have accommodated the numerous establishment of a great feudal chieftain: yet in the earlier ages, it appears to have been a place of considerable importance, and the occasional residence of the Peverels, who lived here in great pomp and splendour.

At the period of the Domesday Survey, Peverel possessed this castle, with the honour and forest, and thirteen other lordships in the county. In his time a tournament is reported to have been held here on the following occasion:—

Pain Peverel, (half-brother to William,) Lord of Whittington, in the county of Salop, had two daughters; one of whom, named Mellet, was no less distinguished by a martial spirit than her father. This appeared from the declaration she made respecting the choice of a husband. She firmly resolved to marry none but a knight of great prowess; and her father, to confirm her purpose, and to procure and encourage a number of visitors, invited all noble young men who were inclined to enter the lists, to meet at Peverel's Place in the Peke, and there decide their pretensions by the use of arms; declaring at the same time, that whoever vanquished his competitors, should receive his daughter, with his castle at Whittington, as a reward for his skill and valour. Guarine de Meez, a branch of the house of Lorraine, and an ancestor of the lords Fitz-Warraine, hearing this report, repaired to the place above mentioned, and there engaged with a son of the King of Scotland, and also with a baron of Burgoyne, and vanquishing them both, obtained the prize for which he fought.

The Peverels did not long enjoy their large estates in this county; for William Peverel, a grandson of the first possessor, having poisoned Ranulph, earl of Chester, was obliged to flee, leaving his castles and immense possessions at the disposal of the king (Henry the Second), who, having held them during some years, granted a portion of them to his son John, earl of Mortayne, who afterwards succeeded to the crown. In the reign of John, this castle fell into the hands of the rebellious barons; but in 1215, William de Ferrers, seventh earl of Derby, raised troops for the king, and took it from them by assault; and in recompense for this eminent service, he was appointed governor. During many subsequent years, the castellans followed each other in quick succession. In the reign of Edward the Third, this castle and forest appear to have been a part of the fortune given with Joan, sister of that king, on her marriage with David, prince of Scotland. About forty years after this event, it was given to John of Gaunt, and thus became absorbed into the duchy of Lancaster.

The Duke of Devonshire has now the nominal appointment of constable of the castle, and is lessee of the honour or manor and forest of the Peak, of which Castleton was till of late years esteemed a member.

Our authority for some of the particulars in this notice is the *History and Gazetteer of the County of Derby*, the materials for which were collected by the spirited and intelligent publisher, Mr. Stephen Glover, and edited by Thomas Noble, Esq. Of this work two quarto volumes have been published, and it is now discontinued, for want of sufficient encouragement. This is to be regretted, because, from the full and ample manner with which the subject is treated, and the skill displayed by the editor in arranging and digesting the materials, this work promised to be a most valuable local history, complete in every part. While some counties have their histories written in splendid folios, which leave nothing to be desired, others are almost entirely without them; and their works of art are

quity, local customs derived from ancient times, historical annals and illustrations, are being neglected, forgotten, and destroyed. Almost any attempt to preserve a memorial of these ought to be encouraged by the public in general, and especially by the local gentry: —the more so when the work like the one before us is conducted with so much skill.

RECENT INTELLIGENCE RESPECTING THE
ABORIGINES OF KING GEORGE'S SOUND,
WESTERN AUSTRALIA*.

I.

KING George's Sound is situated very near the southwest extremity of New Holland: the entrance to it is in latitude $35^{\circ} 6' 20''$ south, and longitude $118^{\circ} 1'$ east of Greenwich. It is very conveniently placed for the purposes of refreshment and refit of vessels to New South Wales or Van Diemen's Land, and it has been supposed to be the only really good harbour in the neighbourhood of the Swan River colony.

King George's Sound was discovered in the year 1792, by Captain Vancouver: it was subsequently visited by Captain Flinders, and the French expedition of discovery, under Commodore Baudin; more recently by Captain King; and since that period it has been frequently resorted to by sealing vessels, the neighbouring coast to the eastward being fringed with a multitude of rocks and islands, upon which many seals of the black-furred species have been found.

The port was carefully described by Captain Flinders, who also published a correct plan of the Sound, from which it appears that besides the Outer Sound, there are two inner basins or harbours, which are perfectly land-locked, and offer every security for ships. The northern one, Oyster Harbour, is fronted by a bar of sand, on which there is not more than thirteen feet and a-half at high water; and within it is so full of shoals—excepting at the entrance, and near Green Island, where small vessels may ride securely at their anchors, or be moored to the shore—that there is scarcely water enough for a boat to approach the beach; the greater part being a bank that dries, or nearly so, at low water, excepting in the drains of two small rivers that fall into the head of the harbour, which are navigable for a few miles by small boats.

In the centre of the Oyster Harbour is Green Island, a small islet upon which Vancouver sowed many garden seeds; but as subsequent visitors could discover no traces of them, they had probably been destroyed by vermin.

The situation and excellence of the harbour, and the expectation of finding a good country in the interior, induced the government of New South Wales to form a settlement there; and accordingly, at the latter end of the year 1826, a party, consisting in all of fifty-two persons, was dispatched under the command of Major Lockyer, of the 57th Regiment, for that purpose.

The shoal character of the shores of this harbour led the new colonists to occupy the shore of Princess Royal Harbour, situated at the back or west side of the Sound, into which vessels of a considerable size might enter and ride at anchor very close to the shore in perfect security.

The party, therefore, encamped at the base of what they afterwards called Mount Melville, situated on the north side of the harbour, about a mile within the entrance. In many respects, the situation proved eligible; but it was deficient in the most essential thing—good water. There was also a great scarcity of timber; and the soil in the immediate neighbourhood of the encampment proved to be very unproductive, for, on turn-

ing it up a few inches beneath the surface, it was found to be nothing but a pure white sand, except in bogs and swamps, where the subsoil was of a peaty nature. So favourable, however, was the climate to vegetation, that wherever a small supply of manure could be obtained, the crops were not only certain, but luxuriant.

The colonists at first named their little settlement, "Frederick Town;" but this was afterwards changed to "Albany." Mr. Backhouse, who visited it in December, 1837, remarks, that though Albany is laid out as a town upon some maps, yet it is a poor place, consisting of a few scattered cottages; "there is no baker's shop in it," he says, "but there are four public-houses."

The friendly disposition and frequent visits of the natives to the new colony afforded opportunities, such as but seldom occur, of collecting interesting information respecting their customs and manner of life, particularly from some of the more intelligent natives, who, by degrees, took up their abode within the settlement. Of these opportunities Mr. Scott Nind, the medical officer who accompanied the settlement, diligently availed himself, and, after two or three years' residence, communicated his observations to Robert Brown, Esq., F.R.S., by whom they were transmitted to the Royal Geographical Society, and published, in the year 1830, in the first volume of their Journal. Further information respecting this remarkable people has been recently obtained from the best authority. In October last, J. Phillips, Esq., Governor of King George's Sound, drew up a notice of the present condition of the Aborigines of that colony, their traditions, customs, mode of living diseases, &c., in reply to certain queries proposed to him by a distinguished individual of this country. The source from whence these inquiries emanated, as well as the position of the party to whom they were addressed, gives a peculiar value to the Governor's replies; which have been kindly transmitted for insertion in the *Saturday Magazine*.

The natives of Western Australia appear to belong to two great families; namely, the TONDERUP and MONGALHANAR or MOONGALHANAR, the one signifying *small-limbed*, and the other *big-shouldered* or *broad and high chested*. A division of these two families results, probably, from the intermarriage of certain relatives, but whether of cousins or half-brothers and sisters cannot be distinctly determined. The progeny of such marriages become EUBIL-WACKS, or half-Tonderups and half-Moongalhanars. The two great families are again sub-divided, on the mother's side, into Narranghar, Quarunner or Quarrunghar, Teun-donger, Torronger. This sub-division arises from the mode of marriage; the men steal their wives from some distant tribe, and feel themselves bound to maintain their right to them by force of arms; but if conquered and captured, the wife of the vanquished becomes the wife of the conqueror. But as these thefts are commonly perpetrated upon distant or hostile tribes, the origin and particulars of the custom are very obscure.

In Captain Grey's *Vocabulary* a great tribe or family is mentioned under the term Balar-warck or Balar-wauk; but of this family little appears to be known to the natives eastward of Swan River. The King George Tribes only admit of the Tonderups and Moongalhanars (the Eubil-wawks being a mixture) as the principal or great families with their sub-divisions, as noticed above.

Some of the traditions related by these people respecting their first origin are very curious. One of the natives gave our informant the following story. "When I was in the Moon," said he, meaning before he was born, "first came a swan, very very big, and black; and then came a pigeon and a swallow,—*there was nothing!*—The swan then began to plume itself, and then a great wind came; when it plucked out feathers

* In the Eighth, Ninth, and Tenth Volumes of the *Saturday Magazine*, the reader will find a series of original articles on New South Wales, written by a gentleman who resided during a few years among the scenes which he describes. These sketches refer to the eastern and southern coasts of Australia; the western coast is much less known.

which flew away into the air, *and then came black fellow!*" The tradition goes on to state, that when all the feathers had fallen to the earth, the men were divided into two tribes by the following contrivance: a *meer*, or throwing-stick, was supported, breast-high, between boughs: the men that were able to leap over it were called *Moongalhanar*, and those who failed to do so, *Tonderup*. When all had thus measured strength, they became *for ever separated*.

The enmity which subsists between these two tribes is displayed by customs equally singular and cruel. If a *Tonderup* be killed, or when he dies from natural causes, a *Moongalhanar* must be speared in the body; the wound need not be mortal, for if he recover, the death of the *Tonderup* is considered to be avenged. If a *Tonderup* be speared in the leg by a *Moongalhanar*, one of the family of the former, generally the nearest of kin, must also inflict a similar injury on a *Moongalhanar*. The commission of any act, which these people regard as a crime, is punishable by death, or by a spear wound in the fleshy part of the thigh, on the inside or the outside, according to the supposed magnitude of the offence; but this mode of punishment produces lamentable results; for, as we have just stated, the death or injury of one of these savages requires, by their laws, which are observed with much strictness, an act of aggression on a member of the rival tribe; feuds are thus being constantly fomented; in fact, every act of punishment produces a separate feud.

From the circumstance of the women being stolen or captured in war, *Tonderup* and *Moongalhanar* cousins and even foster-brothers are to be found in almost every family; but as they grow up they refuse to associate, and will never sleep together in the same wigwam. They may be *brothers* by one mother, but their law requires them to be *enemies*! If a solitary native in the woods meet with a party of his countrymen to whom he is unknown, they call upon him to name his tribe; should he say *Tonderup*, and they also are for the most part *Tonderups*, all the members of that family lift him up under the arm-pits, and blow upon him a kiss of amity or salutation. If, on the contrary, the party consists chiefly of *Moongalhanars*, all these immediately sit down by him, rail and spit upon him, mock and laugh at him. If a death is to be avenged, this is the time, for they are arrant cowards, and generally seize such opportunities for their horrible purposes; but if this is not the case, the solitary *Tonderup* is allowed to slip off with a few bruises and burns from lighted sticks applied to his flesh.

Without an intimate knowledge of the language of this people, and its peculiar dialects in use to the east and west of Albany, it is nearly impossible to trace the subject of these feuds much farther. It is probable that British laws can never altogether extinguish old feuds, which have existed through several generations, or prevent new ones from constantly arising. Indeed, the application of British laws to this people, in their present rude and uncivilized state, is attended with peculiar difficulties. Suppose a *Moongalhanar* from the interior should steal into the settlement of King George's Sound, and kill a *Tonderup*, and then ship off, perhaps never to be again seen by the whites; suppose, further, that a King George *Tonderup*, in obedience to his law, is sent by his tribe and family to kill a *Moongalhanar*; having done so, he considers himself justified according to his laws. Now would it be just to visit the *Tonderup* on his return with the rigour of British law? He may be accused by a *Moongalhanar* of having slain one of his tribe; the accuser may be his personal enemy, or he may be his own brother, and perhaps a participator in the deed. Thus the original criminal escapes, because he is too far off to be pursued, and the man who simply obeys the dictates of a barbarous law is executed by the civilized occupants of a colony, whose laws he does not

recognize, and cannot as yet appreciate. Such a result is indeed very horrible.

If the British laws are to be ultimately enforced to the letter, (which happily is not the case at present as regards crimes committed by the natives among themselves,) in mercy to the poor ignorant savages, let no expense be spared in procuring interpreters and zealous Christian ministers to go about and instruct them; otherwise those under the protection of civilized man must be swept off one by one, either by their own subtle enemies in the bush, or by the stern hand of our justice, for acting in obedience to their own primitive laws. As the case stands at present, they cannot, in consequence of restricted means, be properly protected by the whites; and the whole plan of subjugating the aborigines to British law under existing circumstances would be nothing more nor less than setting a trap for their ultimate total extirpation—which, may God avert! If the people of England were but fully acquainted with these facts, there can be no doubt that hundreds of pounds would be subscribed, and many good Christians would be found ready to labour in this much-neglected field of missionary enterprise.

As polygamy is in full force among this people, they think the most manly and honourable mode of obtaining their wives is by stealing them, as already noticed. Many, however, obtain their wives on easier terms, for they obtain them as a gift on the day a female child is born; and the husband elect often claims the girl at a very early age.

In a family or tribe, when a man dies, his wives become the property of the nearest of kin of his own designation, and the woman has no choice.

The boy spurns the old woman, and even spits at her! and if he dislike the match, he transfers her to his uncle, or next of kin nearest to the father, and seeks a younger wife by stealth, or at the point of the spear in war. Their laws respecting the marriage of relatives resemble our own, except that *cousins-germain* cannot marry.

One of the traditions of this people respecting the origin of fire is very curious: it is related somewhat in the following terms:—Long ago—hundreds of moons—when black-fellow were living as the *boort* (dog), they eat raw flesh, and had nothing—no spears, no covering, or anything. Long after this, a bandicoot (*guynt*) came near a great river, and the black-fellow came up to it, and ask for fire. The bandicoot denied it had fire, and turned round; but those stationed behind saw smoke coming out at little holes in its skin, and called out loudly to each other, "Fire! fire!" Whereupon a large hawk (*urringar*) and a pigeon flew down. The bandicoot became alarmed, and tried to throw the fire into the river, but the pigeon threw a *meer* or large stick at the piece of lighted wood, and diverted its direction, when the hawk instantly darted down, and seized it in his talons, and set fire to the country, and from that hour black-fellow had fire!

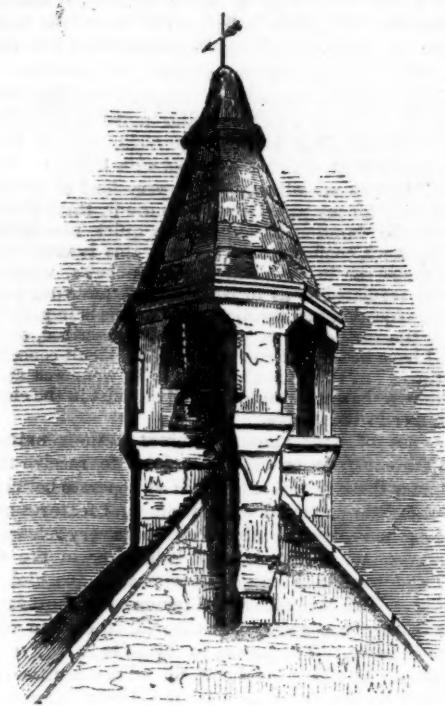
The traditions of this people form by far the most interesting portion of their history; but nearly every tribe has a different version of the same tradition producing sufficient variety to fill a volume.

Their songs abound in tradition, and even some of their dances allude to passages in their history. One of their dances represents the capture of a kangaroo with wonderful pantomimic effect, which is greatly heightened when seen by the strong blaze of light from their fire in the woods.

Many of their traditions appear to be of a sacred character, particularly one which relates to the *Emu*, a small star in the Milky Way; when they point it out, it is generally in a whisper. They have also many traditions respecting the snakes and other reptiles; and they relate a story respecting their great *Waakel*, (a small boa found generally near the sea,) which is very striking and curious.

BELLS AND BELL TURRETS.

I.



BELL TURRET OF ST. NICHOLAS' CHURCH, BIDDESTONE, WILTS.

THE SABBATH BELLS.

The cheerful Sabbath bells, wherever heard,
Strike pleasant on the sense, most like the voice
Of one, who from the far-off hills proclaims
Tidings of good to Zion: chiefly when
Their piercing tones fall sudden on the ear
Of the contemplant, solitary man,
Whom thoughts abstruse or high have chanc'd to lure
Forth from the walks of men, revolving oft,
And oft again, hard matter, which eludes
And baffles his pursuit,—thought-sick and tired
Of controversy, where no end appears,
No clue to his research, the lonely, man
Half wishes for society again.
Him, thus engaged, the Sabbath bells salute
Sudden! his heart awakes, his ears drink in
The cheering music; his relenting soul
Yearns after all the joys of social life,
And softens with the love of human kind.—CHARLES LAMB.

The early uses of bells, in connexion with the services of the Christian church, have been already adverted to in the first and fourth volumes of the *Saturday Magazine*; and in supplying a few additional notices on the same subject, it will be desirable also to notice the influence which this practice has had on church architecture, giving rise to that memorable and beautiful feature of sacred edifices, the BELL TURRET.

Bell-ringing was employed in former times, as at present, on occasions of public or private rejoicing, for the summoning of congregations, and to bewail the dead; but there was another and a superstitious use of bells, which has long since fallen into neglect. This was the ringing of peals to drive away storm or pestilence. No doubt this imaginary virtue was supposed to belong to them, because, in common with the building in which they were hung, they were esteemed sacred, and were regularly consecrated to religious uses. The consecration or baptism of bells is still continued in the Romish church, and a ritual used on such occasions may be found in the Roman Pontificate; where it is ordained,

that the bell be baptized by a bishop, or his deputy; that holy water, oil, salt, cream, &c. be employed; that a name be given to the bell; that it be solemnly washed in water, crossed, and anointed by the bishop; that godfathers (persons of rank) be appointed; and prayers offered.

In consequence of the sacred character ascribed to church bells, they were supposed to be held in great horror by evil spirits. In the *Golden Legend* of Wynkyn de Worde, it is said, that "the evil spirits that be in the region of the air, doubt much when they hear the bells rung; and this is the cause why the bells are rung when it thunders, and when great tempests and outrages of weather happen, to the end that the fiends and wicked spirits should be abashed, and flee, and cease of the moving of tempests."

When the churches and monasteries of England adopted the use of bells, and every religious establishment of any note could boast several of these lively harbingers, the practice of bell-ringing began to assume great importance. Sets of bells of different sizes were procured, in order to get a variety of sounds; and so great was the dexterity of our ringers in composing and ringing musical peals,—wherein the sounds interchange in regular order,—that England obtained the title of the ringing island. In some rural districts, the pride and emulation of different parishes are still called forth by their peals of bells, and by the skill with which they are respectively managed. But the glory of former days has in this respect departed, notwithstanding that many of the lovers of bell-ringing have, in different parts of the country, left bequests to keep up the intricate art of change-ringing among their fellow parishioners. The earliest bequest of this kind was in 1683, and gave to the parish ringers of Harlington, Middlesex, a piece of land, from the produce of which they were to be provided with "a leg of pork for ringing on the fifth of November." In the parish of St. Andrew's, Plymouth, some individual, zealous in the cause of change-ringing, bequeathed to the parish ringers a leg of mutton and "trimmings," provided they kept up their practice in the belfry every Tuesday night. It is said that this practice, so thoroughly familiarized to the inhabitants, (who have heard the bell-ringing every Tuesday night from their infancy,) often excites the inquiries of strangers, who, unless they apply to the more intelligent portion of the community, can get no other answer to their queries than, "It is Tuesday night."

The practice of change-ringing requires great attention and skill, as may readily be understood by those who have had an opportunity of watching a clever set of ringers. The terms descriptive of their art sound strangely in uninitiated ears. An old poem in praise of ringing, thus sets forth some of them, and depicts the gradual progress of the ringers:

First the youths try *One Single Bell* to sound;
For, to perfection who can hope to rise,
Or climb the steep of science, but the man
Who builds on steady principles alone,
And method regular.

In order due to *Rounds* they next proceed,
And each attunes numerical in turn.
Adepts in this on *Three Bells* they essay
Their infant skill. Complete in this, they try
Their strength on *Four*, and musically bold,
Fifteen four and twenty *Changes* they repeat.
Next, as in practice gradual they advance,
Ascending unto *Five*, they ring a peal
Of *Grandsires*,—pleasing to a tuneful soul!
On they proceed to *Six*. What various peals
Joined with plain *Bobs* loud echo through the air
While ev'ry ear drinks in th' harmonie sound.
With *Grandsire Triples* then the steeple shakes, &c.

In this way are described musical *Bob-majors* on eight bells, and *Caters* on nine, and then

On ten, *Bob-royal*;—from eleven, *Cinques*,
Accompanied with tenor, forth they pour;—
And the *Bob-maximus* results from twelve.

Ringing clubs are established in various parts of England for the advancement of this art; and where the club is too large to allow of all the members having access to the belfry, many of the members provide themselves with hand-bells, on which they not only practice change-ringing, but frequently acquire dexterity in tunes. The perfection to which this may be carried is sufficiently attested by the performances of the Lancashire bell-ringers, or Campanologian Band, lately witnessed in London. The intricacies of change-ringing cannot be entered into here, but may be found developed in a treatise printed in 1733, and called *Campanologia Improved, or The Art of Ringing made Easy*. This art is, as already intimated, almost peculiar to England, for even in Scotland the churches seldom toll more than a single bell, whether for joy or sorrow.

The discordant peals of Russia are curiously described by Kohl. The bells, he informs us, are not suspended in the cupola, but placed in a side-building erected for the purpose, called *Kolokilnik*, the bell-bearer or belfry. In country places, where there are trees near the church, the kolokilnik is generally an old oak, on whose boughs the whole chime is suspended, as if the trees bore bells by way of fruit.

In some places the bells are hung under a kind of triumphal arch, as in Novgorod; but bell towers are more frequent, and these are hung as full of bells of all sizes "as a palm tree is full of cocoa nuts." On a holiday when all these bells are tinkling, ringing, or bellowing, or when twenty such kolokilnicks in a capital are giving their lungs full play, the din is most astounding.

The method by which this discordant peal is produced, appears not less singular than the custom of ringing in such a fashion. The Russian ringer does not put the bells themselves in motion, indeed, they have no clapper. To every bell a moveable hammer is attached, and from the hammers strings are passed to the ringer. If he have only two to ring, he sits down and pulls to either side alternately; but when he has many, he holds some in his hand, fastens another to his back, and sets others in motion with his legs. The motions he is obliged to make are described as having a most comic effect, and to have formed so great an amusement to a former czar, that he used generally himself to ring the bells of the court church. This sort of ringing is the more intolerable because "the people never allow the sounds to succeed in measured time, but hammer away right and left like smiths upon an anvil; however the bells are not attuned to each other, but clash one against the other in fearful discord."

Nankin, in China, was formerly celebrated for its enormous bells. But their weight brought down the tower in which they were hung, so that the whole building was reduced to ruins. These bells have ever since lain on the ground. One of them is nearly twelve English feet in height, seven and a half in diameter, and twenty-three in circumference. The figure of the bell is almost cylindrical, except for a swelling in the middle, and the thickness of the metal about the edges is seven inches. The weight of this bell has been computed at fifty thousand pounds, which is more than double the weight than that of Erfurt, previously considered the largest bell in the world. These bells were cast by the first emperor of the preceding dynasty, upwards of three hundred years ago. The largest bells of China, however, have but a very poor sound from the circumstance of their being struck with a wooden, instead of an iron clapper.

The Dutch and Flemings delight much in chimes; some include as many as fifty or fifty-two bells with semitones, and are thus capable of executing any piece of music. The usual method of playing them is by a

cylinder moved by the clockwork every quarter of an hour, and set to some favourite air or piece of music; or else by a man appointed for the purpose, who occupies a small recess in some part of the steeple, wherein is a kind of frame containing as many pallets or moveable pegs as there are treble bells, in two rows, the lowermost for the natural, and the uppermost for the semitones; those of the inferior octaves or bass notes are placed underneath, resembling weavers' treddles, being moved by the feet, which treddles move certain hammers which strike the bells. The treble part is struck by the man's fists, which are armed with leather. "The natives," says an ear-witness, "seem very fond of this ginging music; for my part I do not admire it, there being no check to the duration of sound; in a quick movement it occasions much confusion and discord; this is very observable to a nice ear in our domestic chime-clocks, which can never be regulated so as to perform just measure, besides the other objection just mentioned; now this is in part obviated by the carillonneur or chimer above described, some of whom I have heard that could execute a difficult concerto in right time; but this is not so much to be wondered at, as I have known the same men to be both organist in the church, and chimer in the steeple."

The use of bells among different nations naturally led to the construction of towers fitted to receive them. Sometimes these towers were built as separate belfries, at other times they formed very ornamental features of the churches themselves. Italy affords some very remarkable examples of the former kind of bell tower in the *campanili* of Cremona, Florence, Ravenna, Padua, Bologna, and Pisa. The bell tower of Cremona is a most famous belfry ending in a spire, which is said to be one of the loftiest in Italy. The ascent to the bells is by five hundred steps, the whole height of the edifice is three hundred and ninety-five feet, and the tower commands a most extensive view of the beautiful plains of Lombardy. For many miles throughout the surrounding country this spire is a conspicuous object, and is regarded as the great wonder of Cremona. That of Florence, which is two hundred and sixty-seven feet high, is considered the most elegant campanile in Italy. The plan is a perfect square, forty-five feet on each side. The interior is divided into six floors, each of which is vaulted. The façade is in the Gothic style, mixed with somewhat of the Italian taste. This building was the work of Giotto in 1324, and it is said that his original design was to surmount the tower with a spire eighty-five feet in height. This design was not, however, carried into execution. The bell towers of Bologna and Pisa are much out of the perpendicular, and are well known as the "leaning towers."

The city of Seville, in Spain, can also boast of its majestic bell tower called the Giralda. This lofty campanile is a square tower of Arabian architecture built in 1160, by Guever the Moor, and which originally formed part of the ancient mosque. It was at first only two hundred and fifty feet high; but in 1568, it was raised one hundred feet higher. On the top was placed a bronze statue of Faith, fourteen feet high, which, notwithstanding its enormous weight (3600 pounds), turns on a pivot and acts a weathercock, thus giving its name "Giralda" to the tower.

The fine old towers of Anglo-Norman times, as well as the more recent forms of bell tower which either adorn or disfigure (according to the taste of the architect) our modern English churches, are too variously modified to be noticed here; but it is interesting to observe in retired portions of the kingdom some ancient and picturesque specimens of bell towers of the humbler sort, which form a most pleasing addition to a village church, and are decidedly worthy of imitation. Many a pretty little country church is disfigured by a steeple of the rudest workmanship, in many cases constructed of wood, and fit only for a dwelling-place of pigeons. But in these days of zeal for church architecture, it

surely will not again happen that a village church, be it ever so humble, shall be surmounted with such a miserable appendage, by way of bell tower, when at no very great cost a picturesque and beautiful turret, such as that which forms the heading to this article, may be added with the utmost advantage to the building. In another article, several notices of bell turrets corresponding with the above type will be given.

NO LIFE PLEASING TO GOD, THAT IS NOT USEFUL TO MAN;

AN EASTERN FABLE.

It pleased our mighty sovereign, Abbas Carasean, from whom the kings of the earth derive honour and dominion, to set Mirza his servant over the province of Tauris. In the hand of Mirza the balance of distribution was suspended with impartiality; and under his administration the weak were protected, the learned received honour, and the diligent became rich. Mirza, therefore, was beheld by every eye with complacency, and every tongue pronounced blessings upon his head. But it was observed that he derived no joy from the benefits which he diffused: he became pensive and melancholy; he spent his leisure in solitude; in his palace he sat motionless upon a sofa; and when he went out, his walk was slow, and his eyes were fixed upon the ground: he applied to the business of state with reluctance; and resolved to relinquish the toil of government, of which he could no longer enjoy the reward.

He, therefore, obtained permission to approach the throne of our sovereign; and being asked what was his request, he made this reply: "May the lord of the world forgive the slave whom he has honoured, if Mirza presume again to lay the bounty of Abbas at his feet. Thou hast given me the dominion of a country, fruitful as the gardens of Damascus; and a city glorious above all others, except that only which reflects the splendour of thy presence. But the longest life is a period scarcely sufficient to prepare for death. All other business is vain and trivial, as the toil of emmets in the path of the traveller, under whose feet they perish for ever; and all enjoyment is unsubstantial and evanescent as the colours of the bow that appears in the interval of a storm. Suffer me, therefore, to prepare for the approach of eternity; let me give up my soul to meditation; let solitude and silence acquaint me with the mysteries of devotion; let me forget the world, and by the world be forgotten, till the moment arrives in which the veil of eternity shall fall, and I shall be found at the bar of the Almighty." Mirza then bowed himself to the earth, and stood silent.

By the command of Abbas it is recorded, that at these words he trembled upon the throne, at the footstool of which the world pays homage: he looked round upon his nobles; but every countenance was pale, and every eye was upon the earth. No man opened his mouth; and the king first broke silence, after it had continued near an hour.

"Mirza, terror and doubt have come upon me. I am alarmed as a man who suddenly perceives that he is near the brink of a precipice, and is urged forward by an irresistible force; but yet I know not whether my danger is a reality or a dream. I am, as thou art, a reptile of the earth: my life is a moment, and eternity—in which days, and years, and ages, are nothing—eternity is before me, for which I also should prepare. But by whom, then, must the faithful be governed? By those only, who have no fear of judgment? By those only, whose life is brutal, because, like brutes, they do not consider that they shall die? Or who, indeed, are the faithful? Are the busy multitudes that crowd the city, in a state of perdition? and is the cell of the dervise alone the gate of paradise? To all, the life of a dervise is not possible: to all, therefore, it cannot be a duty. Depart to the house which has in this city been prepared for thy residence: I will meditate the reason of thy request; and may He who illuminates the minds of the humble, enable me to determine with wisdom!"

Mirza departed; and on the third day, having received no command, he again requested an audience, and it was granted. When he entered the royal presence, his countenance appeared more cheerful: he drew a letter from his bosom, and having kissed it, he presented it with his right hand. "My lord," said he, "I have learned by this letter, which I have received from Cosrou the Irman, who stands now before thee, in what manner life may be best improved.

I am enabled to look back with pleasure, and forward with hope; and I shall now rejoice still to be the shadow of thy power at Tauris, and to keep those honours which I so lately wished to resign."

The king, who listened to Mirza with a mixture of surprise and curiosity, immediately gave the letter to Cosrou, and commanded that it should be read. The eyes of the court were at once turned upon the hoary sage, whose countenance was suffused with an honest blush; and it was not without some hesitation that he read these words: "To Mirza, whom the wisdom of Abbas our mighty lord has honoured with dominion, be perpetual health! When I heard thy purpose to withdraw the blessings of thy government from the thousands of Tauris, my heart was wounded with the arrow of affliction, and my eyes became dim with sorrow. But who shall speak before the king when he is troubled; and who shall boast of knowledge when he is distressed by doubt? To thee will I relate the events of my youth, which thou hast renewed before me; and those truths which they taught me, may the Prophet multiply to thee!"

"Under the instruction of the physician Abuzar, I obtained an early knowledge of his art. To those who were smitten with disease, I would administer plants, which the sun has impregnated with the spirit of health. But the scenes of pain, languor, and mortality, which were perpetually rising before me, made me often tremble for myself. I saw the grave open at my feet: I determined, therefore, to contemplate only the regions beyond it, and to despise every acquisition which I could not keep. I conceived an opinion, that as there was no merit but in voluntary poverty and silent meditation, those who desired money were not proper objects of bounty; and that by all who were proper objects of bounty, money was despised. I, therefore, buried mine in the earth, and, renouncing society, I wandered into a wild and sequestered part of the country. My dwelling was a cave by the side of the hill. I drank the running water from the spring, and ate such fruits and herbs as I could find. To increase the austerity of my life, I frequently watched all night, sitting at the entrance of the cave with my face to the east, resigning myself to the secret influences of the Prophet.

"One morning after my nocturnal vigil, just as I perceived the horizon glow at the approach of the sun, the power of sleep became irresistible, and I sank under it. I imagined myself still sitting at the entrance of my cell; that the dawn increased; and that as I looked earnestly for the first beam of day, a dark spot appeared to intercept it. I perceived that it was in motion; it increased in size as it drew near, and at length I discovered it to be an eagle. I still kept my eye steadfastly fixed upon it, and saw it alight at a small distance, where I descried a fox, whose two forelegs appeared to be broken. Before the fox the eagle laid part of a kid, which she had brought in her talons, and then disappeared.

"When I awoke, I laid my forehead on the ground, and blessed the Prophet for the instruction of the morning. I reviewed my dream, and said thus to myself: 'Cosrou, thou hast done well to renounce the tumult, the business, and vanities of life; but thou hast as yet only done it in part: thou art still every day busied in the search of food: thy mind is not wholly at rest, neither is thy trust in Providence complete. What art thou taught by this vision? If thou hast seen an eagle commissioned by Heaven to feed a fox that is lame, shall not the hand of Heaven also supply thee with food, when that which prevents thee from procuring it for thyself is not necessity, but devotion?'

"I was now so confident of a miraculous supply, that I neglected to walk out for my repast, which, after the first day, I expected with an impatience that left me little power of attending to any other object. This impatience, however, I laboured to suppress, and persisted in my resolution; but my eyes at length began to fail me, and my knees smote each other. I threw myself backward, and hoped my weakness would soon increase to insensibility. But I was suddenly roused by the voice of an invisible being, who pronounced these words: 'Cosrou, I am the angel, who, by the command of the Almighty, have registered the thoughts of thy heart, which I am now commissioned to reprove. While thou wast attempting to become wise above that which is revealed, thy folly has perverted the instruction which was vouchsafed thee. Art thou disabled like the fox? Hast thou not rather the powers of the eagle? Arise! let the eagle be the object of thy emulation. To pain and sickness be thou again the messenger of ease.'

and health. Virtue is not rest, but action. If thou dost good to man as an evidence of thy love to God, thy virtue will be exalted from mortal to divine; and that happiness which is the pledge of paradise, will be thy reward upon earth.'

"At these words I was not less astonished than if a mountain had been overturned at my feet. I humbled myself in the dust; I returned to the city; I dug up my treasure; I was liberal, yet I became rich. My skill in restoring health to the body gave me frequent opportunities of curing the diseases of the soul. I grew eminent beyond my merit; and it was the pleasure of the king that I should stand before him. Now, therefore, be not offended; I boast of no knowledge that I have not received. As the sands of the desert drink up the drops of rain, or the dew of the morning, so do I also, who am but dust, imbibe the instructions of the Prophet."

"Believe, then, that it is he who tells thee, all knowledge is profane which terminates in thyself; and by a life wasted in speculation, little even of this can be gained. When the gates of paradise are thrown open before thee, thy mind shall be irradiated in a moment. Here thou canst do little more than pile error upon error: there thou shalt build truth upon truth. Wait, therefore, for the glorious vision; and in the mean time emulate the eagle. Much is in thy power; and, therefore, much is expected of thee. Though the Almighty alone can give virtue, yet, as a prince, thou mayest stimulate those to beneficence, who act from no higher motive than immediate interest: thou canst not produce the principle, but mayest enforce the practice. Let thy virtue be thus diffused; and if thou believest with reverence, thou shalt be accepted above. Farewell! May the smile of Him who resides in the heaven of heavens be upon thee; and against thy name in the volume of His will, may happiness be written."

The king, whose doubts, like those of Mirza, were now removed, looked up with a smile that communicated the joy of his mind. He dismissed the prince to his government, and commanded these events to be recorded, to the end that posterity may know, "That no life is pleasing to God, but that which is useful to mankind."—DR. HAWKESWORTH.

HIGHLAND THIRST FOR EDUCATION.

"On coming to a place called Kyle Strome," says Mr. Gibson in his *Report on the Schools in the Presbyteries of Tongue and Tain* (Ross-shire), "I entered into conversation with the ferryman, N. McL., regarding the manner in which his children (he had seven of school age) were educated. The nearest school-house he said was about nine miles distant; there were within two or three miles of his house between thirty and forty children of school age, and the only means of educating them within the reach of the parents was to employ, during two or three months in the year, a boy who had received his education in the nearest parochial or assembly school. In this way some of these poor children had received some instruction in reading; but the labours of the boy, such as they were, had been discontinued in consequence of the parents being unable to raise even the small sum necessary to secure his services.

"On parting from N. McL., the road ascended along the slope of a high and rugged hill; at intervals of two or three hundred yards, stretched on each side a long deep glen with a few thatched cottages occupying its warmest and most sheltered spot. As I proceeded slowly up the rugged ascent, I observed the sons of the ferryman running at full speed along the brow of the surrounding hills, or darting away into the glens. At intervals their shrill halloos were heard among the hills, and were speedily answered in deeper and more manly tones. The boys had been dispatched by their father to apprise the residents of these remote solitudes of my presence in the country, and to summon them to overtake me at a point of the road where it was known my progress would be most gradual. A little farther on, I saw issuing from each of the dark ravines one or two individuals, each leading in his hand one young child, and followed by two or three of more advanced age. On my arrival at the appointed place of meeting, there stood before me a small, but most interesting, assembly of seven sturdy Highlanders, surrounded by their children to the number of twenty-three. Their object was to request me to use my influence in procuring for them the services of a schoolmaster. Here were their children growing up without instruction; they were unable to afford remuneration sufficient to retain the services even of such a

teacher as had been labouring among them. They assured me that in the event of a salary being procured for a teacher, they would most willingly rear with their own hands a structure sufficiently large and commodious for a school-house. They pointed out to me a wretched dilapidated hut, which they had erected a few years before, and which had served as the school-house of the district so long as they could raise the necessary remuneration for their boy teacher. It is now a perfect ruin. It never had been aught but a hut of the rudest and humblest character, and yet it told most eloquently of the solicitude of these dwellers among the hills for the religious and moral welfare of their children."

THE usual way of travelling in those parts of Ireland, where there are no stage-coaches, is by the aid of a jaunting car. This is a two-wheeled vehicle with one horse, with a seat for two persons on each side. In the centre, between the seats, is a cavity called a well, in which the traveller's luggage is deposited. The shaft is fastened, not to the axle-tree, but to the body of the carriage, and the passenger, in consequence, is obliged to accompany the horse in every movement he makes. The machine is, of course, uncovered, and, as it generally rains in Ireland, few travellers neglect to pack themselves and their goods up in some waterproof tissue or other. The price charged for such a car is sixpence for an English mile, just half what is paid in England for a one-horse conveyance. These cars are very much to be recommended to a traveller who wishes to see something of the country he is passing through. He is not bound to any particular line of road, and may travel whither he will, so he pay but his sixpence a mile; and then, as his feet are never far from the ground, he can step on and off at all times with very little trouble, and need pass nothing unexamined by the road side. Then in his driver, he has always a talkative Paddy, who, duly to balance the vessel committed to his pilotage, rarely sits on his box, but rather on the opposite seat *dos-à-dos* with his passenger, ready to give him the benefit of his experience, and show him "a bit of the country." Having himself an abundant stock of curiosity, he is ready to sympathize with curiosity and desire of information in another. He stops when his passenger wishes it, drives slower of his own accord when he sees him taking notes, not forgetting, when he thinks he has said something witty or clever, to add, "and won't your honour please to put that down too?"—KOHL'S *Ireland*.

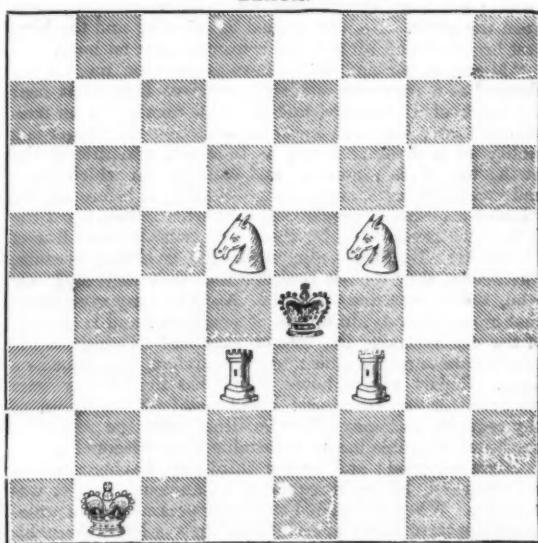
CURIOS CHESS PROBLEMS.

XIII.

THE following curious position is given by Damiano.

White to mate in four moves, without being allowed to move his King.

BLACK.



WHITE.